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ADELPHI TERRACE

GERMANY AND SPAIN

GERMANY & SPAIN

THE VIEWS OF A SPANISH CATHOLIC

BY

DON FRANCISCO MARTIN MELGAR
CONDE DE MELGAR

*Translated from the Spanish, with an Introduction
and Notes*

BY

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LONDON

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has so profoundly moved public opinion as this pamphlet of Melgar's ; none has had so great a success. Its importance is to be attributed more to the simple fact that its author is the Conde de Melgar than to the interesting revelations in its pages and the animated and brilliant style, which recalls that of Louis Veuillot, with whom Melgar collaborated on the staff of the *Univers*. A child of Madrid, educated in its university in the Faculty of Law, he knew the most conspicuous politicians to whom in those days were entrusted the destinies of Spain. A journalist since his earliest youth ; a lawyer ; a private soldier and volunteer in the Carlist war, in which he lost a brother ; an exile in France with his father and mother ; secretary and intimate counsellor to Carlos VII. ; and for more than twenty years tutor of his son Don Jaime,* the name of Melgar was always respected even by his

* A biographical notice of the Conde de Melgar may be read in the *Album de Personajes Carlistas* by D. F. de P. O. Barcelona, 1887-1891, Vol. II., pp. 202-206.

political opponents; for enemies, this noble, sincere and lofty character had none. This is the reason of the success of the pamphlet ; this is why everybody strove to get a copy when it crossed the Pyrenees into Spain, and why the circulation has already reached a total of 200,000 copies. It was a profession of faith in the Allies' cause, spontaneous and virile, from a man never accustomed to commercial success. In its composition, Melgar listened to the voice of his conscience, perfectly aware that he was drawing upon himself the anger of the traffickers in the party, as, indeed, happened. This lofty example of moral rectitude has illumined and comforted the honorable rank and file of the Carlists who know that where Melgar takes his stand, there are to be found Truth and Justice. Melgar, the doyen of Spanish Legitimacy, has never changed, and can boast that he has preserved intact the treasure of the faith. Of young Melgar, the Prince de

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Valori wrote, close on thirty years ago, when dedicating one of his books* to him : " May God endow the princes who have faith in Him with devoted, intelligent and courageous servants, of whom you are the accomplished model."

On the Melgar of to-day, the doyen of the *Hispanistas*, Monsieur A. Morel-Fatio (member of the Institute and professor at the College of France), has, in his introduction to the French edition of the pamphlet,† bestowed the following eulogium : " In any case it will one day be counted as an honour to the Carlist party to have numbered in its ranks a man of sufficient integrity and perspicacity to discover the truth and courageous enough to proclaim it from the house-tops."

* *Deux Rois, le Comte de Chambord et Don Carlos*, par le Prince de Valori. Paris, Ollendorff, 1888.

† *Amende Honorable*, par Francisco Melgar. Publications du Comité de Propagande Française à L'Etranger. Avant-Propos de A. Morel-Fatio de l'Institut. Paris, Bloud et Gay. Pages Actuelles, 1914-1916, No. 67.

DEDICATION

TO DON JUAN VAZQUEZ DE MELLA

MY ILLUSTRIOUS AND VERY DEAR FRIEND

Pardon the indiscretion I am committing in dedicating this work to you without your approval, and even without having previously begged your permission.

Two reasons have moved me to desire that your glorious name should illumine its title page.

In the first place, because my aim is almost exclusively directed to attenuate (since to repair what is irreparable is impossible) the countless wrongs which the direction impressed by your potent influence on public opinion in our country has

inflicted on the Spanish cause in general and on the Legitimist cause in particular; and since I am about strenuously to attack your policy, I desire at the outset to emphasise the absolute distinction that exists in my mind between this policy and its author, anathematising the former, as it deserves, and bowing down before the latter with those same sentiments of esteem which I have ever cherished towards you. If anything could compete with the affectionate friendship I profess for you it would be the unbounded admiration you inspire me with. And I desire to state from the very beginning that this admiration, and this friendship, are indestructible and will survive all times, since I regard you as the most beloved of my friends and the most unsullied of our contemporary national glories. This is the first reason for the dedication.

The second is, that no writer takes up his pen for polemical purposes without aiming at convincing some one. And whom else can I aspire to convince than yourself ?

Your lofty genius has reduced intellectual Carlism to slavery. Your unparalleled endowments

“ Are the voluntary defenders
Of all our liberties.”

Our faithful and simple folk regard you as an infallible oracle ; our intellectuals, inebriated by the generous wine of your eloquence, have abdicated, not only their will, but their reason ; they argue, not with their own minds but with yours, and to such a pass have we come, that so far as concerns the great international problem that faces us, our Carlist intellectuals, so clear-sighted as regards other matters, may be expressed by a unit followed by zeros.

Now with zeros one can neither discuss

nor reason, and therefore I address myself to the unit. To convince you ?—Yes, dear friend, such is my temerity.

The origin of all the evil is the invincible ignorance which you are enveloped in. The asphyxiating gas of German lies surrounds you in all directions ; it forms a dense and impenetrable mist which isolates you from all contact with reality. Bounded by the narrow circle of the clique at Madrid, and breathing the enervating atmosphere of their trivial chatter, you lack absolutely the data necessary to enlighten your judgment, and know not the veriest elements of what is happening in the great world outside. And since I am appealing to facts, which you are ignorant of or see only monstrously distorted, rather than to arguments, powerful though they be, I believe I am doing you a service which your undeniable good faith and the loftiness of your mind will

appreciate ; for I know you to be capable of understanding their full force and of overcoming even the passion of self-esteem. This confidence I profess is the greatest and most deserved homage I can pay to the rectitude of your intentions.

Unhappily, the distance that separates us, and the remoteness from the theatre of war in which you dwell, do not allow me to make use of the most forcible and the most irresistible of appeals—the appeal to the testimony of your senses. You have been so exceptionally favoured, that Providence, not content with endowing you with an understanding inferior to none, has implanted a heart in your breast which, were it possible, surpasses your understanding in magnanimity. How I grieve that I cannot place the spectacle my eyes are beholding before you !

If you lived in Paris and beheld Lazarus,

as I do, your noble heart would not suffer you to be absorbed in your present preoccupations for one moment. German lies would vanish in an instant as snow before the noonday sun; and on beholding the risen Lazarus, pacing these streets and drawing nigh to these temples, with haggard face bearing still the impress of death but breathing forth a spirit of august serenity and with the grave clothes still testifying to the days passed in the sepulchre, then would a holy awe of the supernatural seize you and you would bow down before the magnitude of the miracle. And small indeed would be the voice needed to awaken you from the nightmare under which you labour.

It would be enough to lead you, one evening, to the Rosary of Our Lady of Victories and let you contemplate that multitude of mourning women, robbed of

their children, of their husbands, of their brothers, and of their kinsfolk, by the criminal ambition of the Kaiser, to move the bowels of your compassion and make you mingle your tears with theirs. It would be enough to climb with me, one night, to the heights of Montmartre and take part in the nightly worship of the soldiers there, or to conduct you, at break of day, to the trenches where you would hear, together with those legions of crusaders, the Mass at dawn,—crusaders far more worthy of that name, than the Pontifical Zouaves or the battalions of Lizarraga—in order to bring you to your knees, in prayer with them and *for* them. Then, worshipping what you had burnt, and burning what you had worshipped, a sublime hymn of praise would burst from your lips; a hymn of veneration and of love for this incomparable France so misunderstood,

so slandered ; a hymn of praise whose burning words would shrivel up your most memorable orations ; a thanksgiving which history would immortalise as the last, surpassing expression of human eloquence.

Come then, beloved Mella, make this experiment ; and then this magnificent *amende honorable* which we owe to Catholic France would give all the force which is lacking to this other modest *amende honorable* that your most enthusiastic admirer and faithful friend offers to you.

MELGAR.

PARIS, October 15, 1915.

NOTE.—At the General Elections held in Spain, April, 1916, Vazquez de Mella was elected for the Constituencies of Oviedo and Pamplona.

INTRODUCTION

ONE of the nations most wrought upon by German propaganda during the present war is, undoubtedly, Spain. From the first days of the conflict, the Germans installed themselves in San Sebastian, the summer residence of the Court; in Madrid, in Barcelona, eager to win the sympathies of the Spanish people: but so coarse, so impudent, were the means employed by them that their efforts were far from being crowned with success. Certainly a large part of the conservative classes and of the high military command, educated in Germany, openly declared themselves on the side of the Germans, as did also the members of the religious orders who saw in the triumph of France and Russia a menace to Catholicism. Dr. Amigo, Bishop of Southwark, who, being of Spanish descent, knows the spirit of his people,

sounded a true note concerning the attitude of the Spanish clergy in the letter he wrote to the *Times*, on the occasion of his visit to Spain last autumn.* It is however well known that the king of Spain, as a Bourbon, and, moreover, married to an English princess, and also the two Governments, Conservative and Liberal, who have succeeded each other since the war, while remaining neutral have never concealed their sympathies for the Allies' cause.

The Carlists alone, as a political party, by some incomprehensible aberration, have ranged themselves on the side of the Germans in opposition to the ideas and sympathies of their chief, Don Jaime de Borbon, who is a Russian colonel and fought in the Russo-Japanese war; who is also a passionate lover of France and was educated there and in England. In this country, we have not wholly forgotten

*For details of this visit see *Dublin Review*, April, 1916 : "Spain and the War."

the incidents of the last Carlist war. The ancient kingdoms of Aragon and of Navarre, and the seignory of Viscaya, took the lead in favour of Carlos VII. ; foreign princes of royal blood, among them the prince of Caserta, Don Alfonso de Borbon of Austria, the prince of Parma, Roberto de Borbon, el Conde de Bardi, Enrique de Borbon, attracted by the romantic and chivalrous Carlist wars of old, crossed the Pyrenees to fight at the side of Don Carlos and to make an end of the anarchy to which the revolutionary governments and the unpopular republic had reduced Spain. The Carlist cause found fervent supporters in four of the nations that now are at war—France, England, Belgium, and Italy. In each of these countries juntas were formed to aid the cause, and it is well known that many Legitimists consumed a large part of their fortunes in this enterprise. To confine ourselves to this country, it is only just to remember that England—although the

Carlists appear to have forgotten it—was, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the refuge and asylum of the Spanish Liberals who were persecuted by the absolutism of Ferdinand VII., and, in later years, opened her arms, at the end of the first Carlist war, to the defeated Carlos V. Here, too, fled the Infante Don Juan de Borbon and his brothers and friends. The intellectual activities of this prince in London are well known; his passion for natural history, physics and chemistry; his success in photographing, when the art of photography was yet in its infancy, all the animals in the Zoological Gardens at Regent's Park, for which he was presented with a medal of honour. In 1849, his consort, Doña Beatriz de Este, gave birth in London to the Infante Don Alfonso, who still is living and is married to the Infanta Doña Maria de las Nieves de Braganza, daughter of Don Miguel, king of Portugal. Prince Juan died at Brighton

in 1887, and his son, Carlos VII., who had lived in England with his parents, from 1848 to 1850, returned to London before the last Carlist war, in July, 1868, in order to hold a council of the supporters of the party. After the war, he was again in London, in 1876. The name of Don Carlos is closely associated with that of a fervent partizan of the Carlist cause in England—the late Lord Ashburnham—and with that of the author of the present pamphlet, Don Francisco de Melgar. The Carlist party knows full well that this illustrious English nobleman, a catholic convert, was no mere platonic friend to the cause, but lavished a large fortune in its furtherance and even sacrificed for it what he loved most of all, his famous library, one of the richest collections of books in the world. However bitter would have been his grief to-day at seeing the Carlist communion betraying its noble traditions and dragged at the Kaiser's chariot by the blindness of

its present leader, Don Juan Vazquez de Mella, he would have been partly consoled by the noble act of his intimate friend, the Count of Melgar, and by the perusal of this little work of his which is here translated into English. The Count of Melgar is not unknown in this country. He was the secretary and confidential adviser of Carlos VII., and lived in London with him during the years 1880 and 1881. Don Carlos was well received here. He was elected honorary member of the Army and Navy, the Naval and Military, and the United Services Clubs, as well as of the Carlton, the Travellers', and other non-military clubs. He was also requested to designate a member of his suite on whom a like honour should be conferred, and he named the Count of Melgar. Don Carlos was much enamoured of the Army and Navy Club, and used to lunch and dine there with his secretary. In the winter of 1884-1885 he undertook, with Count Melgar

and others, that famous journey to India which afforded materials to Prince Valori for his book, *Don Carlos dans les Indes*. The Colonial Minister gave official sanction to the journey and ordered the Viceroy, Lord Dufferin, and all subordinate authorities, to receive him with all due honour and to entertain him as a member of a royal house at the expense of the State. This was done, and not the least among those who entertained him was the Duke of Connaught, a warm Alfonsist and, therefore, a strong anti-Carlist. The Duke was then in India as Commander-in-chief of the Indian army, and together with the Duchess, gave a grand reception in his honour at Meerut.

At our request, the author of this pamphlet has written from Paris the following particulars of his relations with Lord Ashburnham.

“I first knew Lord Ashburnham in 1876 at Paris, where we both took part in a conference held here and founded a society

which was given the name of the Sociedad Santiago de Compostela, and which was organised to succour poor Carlist refugees. I introduced him to Don Carlos, whose intimate friend he became. Don Carlos, Don Jaime and I, passed Christmas, 1880, at the Jesuit College of Beaumont and at Lord Ashburnham's seat, where he invited his august guests to join magnificent pheasant shooting parties.

“Don Jaime, already arrived at manhood, has since passed many seasons at the same magnificent seat which is situated at Battle, the scene of the battle of Hastings. • As for the pecuniary sacrifices made to the cause by Lord Ashburnham, they are well enough known and appreciated by the adherents of our party; they are not forgotten even to-day. A time will come when it shall be known how that noble English cavalier desired, not only to sacrifice his fortune, but even his life, for our cause. He died at Paris early in January,

1913, at the Palais d'Orsay, a few hours after having received a telegram from Rome with the blessing of Pius X. He did not precisely die in my arms, although I was always at his side, because before he breathed his last he had sent me to execute a commission of some delicacy which he would not entrust to another. When I returned to give an account of my charge, he was already dead. Concerning those last moments I could give many and most important details, but the time to publish them is not yet."

At the outbreak of the present war Melgar was at the Castle of Frosdorff in Austria with Don Jaime, prince of Bourbon, and what he saw and heard there and at Vienna decided him to embrace the Allies' cause ; since that time he has never wavered, nor ceased to defend the Allies in the Spanish press. Of all the war literature published in Spain—and it is considerable, both pro-German and pro-Ally—no work

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THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR

I

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ONE of the most famous of French writers, who has studied the psychology of Germany and penetrated the inmost recesses of the German mind, has expressed in a monumental phrase the state of that Empire :—" The sum of material civilisation and the *absolute* lack of moral civilisation."

These words have a profound significance and throw a flood of light on the origin of the present war; they exhibit in striking relief its portentous development. We have had occasion to admire veritable miracles of organisation. Everything—every *material* thing—has been marvellously organised with a steadfast, uninterrupted preparation of nearly half a century. An army organised to perfection, the whole apparatus of war—factories, food

supplies, espionage, finance, lying,—are elevated to a system. Nothing has been forgotten; the whole has been raised to a maximum of might. Thousands of officers, captains, and even colonels, belonging to high families, have resigned themselves to passing six, eight, ten of the best years of their lives, disguised, filling menial offices as waiters, and farm servants, lackeys, humble labourers, in order to spy out the enemy's secrets and, on the day of invasion, to be able to strike home, maiming the hands that gave them bread and setting fire to the hospitable roof that offered them generous shelter. Cemented platforms, wireless installations, trenches,—all prepared within, far within, the French frontier, without exciting the suspicions of the authorities, or of the inhabitants; innumerable publicity agencies weaving their nets of calumny and of biassed news in every land with the patience of a spider

spinning her web. Thus much in the field of material preparation.

On the other hand, morally, they have made a mockery of every sentiment that does honour to human nature ; they have violated their most sacred promises ; crushed the weak under their heel ; avenged on the innocent the pettiest injury to their pride ; they have elevated cruelty to a system and calumny to a dogma.

I chanced to be at Frosdorff when the crash came, and naturally my first impulse, when persuaded that the war was inevitable, was to rejoice that apostate and persecuting France was about to receive a deserved chastisement, and that divine Justice should have chosen a chivalrous and punctilious sovereign, such as the Kaiser, as its instrument. Eager for news, I flew to Vienna, about forty miles off, and the first thing that fell into my hands there, was the secret document addressed by the German

Emperor to his Austrian brother to make him cognisant of the orders he had given to his staff to wage a war of extermination.

“ My heart is rent with grief ! ” thus he wrote; “ but it is absolutely necessary to deliver everything up to blood and fire, sparing neither men, women, nor children, neither old nor young, and leave not a tree standing nor a roof intact. By this system of terror—the only one applicable to a nation so debased as the French—it is certain that the war will be ended within two months; whereas, if we gave way to humanitarian considerations the war might last for years. However much it may pain me I shall have recourse to the former of these two systems which will prevent much bloodshed, although appearances might lead one to suppose the contrary.”

The perusal of such atrocious words fell as a first douche of cold water on my pro-German sentiments, and I began to suspect that

this pseudo Constantine was a monster of cruelty. And as I went, absorbed in these meditations, the evening papers came out and there I saw printed a speech of the Kaiser to his troops, in the course of which he said, "I have just learned that two French doctors have secretly entered Metz and have infected the garrison water supply with the microbes of Asiatic cholera. I denounce this crime to you in order that you may see what treatment these unconscionable barbarians deserve, if they fall into your hands, who seek to deprive your comrades of their lives by such cowardly and dastardly means."

This was more than a douche : it was a deluge. "This man," I said to myself, "is not only cruel, he is a liar and a slanderer. Other bad qualities he may have, but he is certainly not so foolish as to believe that the French, whose first objective is Metz, would go and introduce a cholera epidemic

in those regions which would decimate themselves as well as their enemies, since it is clear enough that microbes will not distinguish between uniforms and nations. Therefore the object of this proclamation is to incite his troops to give no quarter."

As a parallel to this I may add that it fell to my lot to hear, on the other side of the door so to speak, the sobs of the Russian ambassador as he poured out his grief on the breast of a friend to whom he related that, late at night, on the eve of August the first, he had, at his sovereign's desire, flung himself at the feet of the Emperor Francis Joseph, informing him that he would place himself unconditionally at his Imperial Majesty's mercy ; that he would sacrifice Serbia, and submit to the immediate demobilisation of the Russian army, and to any other course that he might require, since he was reduced to such extremities by reason of the unprepared

state of his country ; and that his sovereign had ordered him to go so far as to suffer *the most complete humiliation* in order to avoid war. The aged Emperor gave way to his entreaties, expressed himself as satisfied and authorised him to telegraph to Petrograd that every cause of war had been removed : early on the morrow, the ambassador was summoned to the Hofburg and told by the Emperor that he found himself compelled to withdraw his words because Kaiser William had telegraphed to him : “ If Austria is afraid, Germany fears no one, and, to burn our bridges, I have just declared war on Russia.”

That revelation was decisive; it opened my eyes, and from that time forward I beheld, with absolute clearness, the Kaiser's real nature, and I was convinced that, so far from being God's instrument, he was inspired by the spirit of the evil one, and that nothing could

be expected from him but lies and treachery.

Although I am anticipating events, I will permit myself to advert to the fact that when I was in France, a month later, I visited a prisoners' camp and had the opportunity of perusing a large number of diaries of the war which had been found on German soldiers; and there I saw full confirmation of their Emperor's orders. "To-day we shot forty women in H——. To-day we hanged eight priests in N——. To-day we set fire with petroleum to all the houses in Z——, with the inhabitants therein." Such are the contents of these documents, the originals of which are being collected in the archives of the *Bibliothèque Nationale* at Paris. They amount to thousands and are all consistent. I may also add, that with my own eyes I have seen hundreds of mutilated Belgians, and that I have conversed with numbers of

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nuns—angelic creatures—and priests, men of unimpeachable character, who have seen women and children disembowelled; who have taken down from trees the bodies of priests, hanged without trial, and have wound them in their shrouds and given them burial. When one has *seen* and when one has *heard* these things can one remain a pro-German?

But let us end our digression and return to Vienna, to the very beginning of the conflict. When the Russian ambassador had received his passports, he announced that he entrusted the interests of his countrymen to the care of the Spanish ambassador, who accompanied him to the departure platform. Arriving there, he found a train, prepared, doubtless intentionally, with such parsimony that it was impossible to find accommodation in it for all his staff: two employees of the

embassy were therefore left on the platform, and these the Russian ambassador recommended to the care of our ambassador, who took them away in his carriage to the Spanish embassy in Anna Strasse.

On the morrow, a Commissioner of police presented himself and the following dialogue ensued.

The Commissioner : "I have come to arrest two Russian spies who are concealed in this house."

The Ambassador : "I am no harbourer of spies, nor can you pass this threshold. We are here in Spanish territory."

The Commissioner : "We are in a state of war and extra-territoriality no longer exists."

The Ambassador : "Excuse me. Diplomatic immunity is precisely more necessary in war time than in peace time, as medicine is for the sick rather than for the whole.

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I cannot permit you to violate the frontiers of my country."

The Commissioner : " Hand over the spies or I will search the house."

The Ambassador : " You shall neither search nor will I deliver anyone to you."

The Commissioner : " Then I will seize them by force."

And forcibly he dragged them out! He left, and in a few minutes returned with a picket of soldiers, forced his way into the house, dragged the unfortunate Russians out and ~~flung~~ them in a dungeon, whence they will have issued forth only to depart to another world. I am not in the confidence of Señor Castro Casaléiz, but I do know that he is a most prudent diplomatist, as well as an accomplished gentleman, so I suppose that since he neither denounced this deed, nor demanded the usual explanations, he obeyed his patriotic impulses rather than his pro-German senti-

ments (if he has any), preferring to swallow the insult in silence rather than to embarrass his Government by adopting energetic measures which might have compromised its neutrality, if they had been unsuccessful. But the fact remains, however closely it may have been kept from the public, and I can vouch for its accuracy, since I have it from the lips of an exalted personage who, in spite of his Austro-German sympathies, interposed his good offices—clearly in vain—to obtain the discharge of the two prisoners and satisfaction for the insult to the Spanish flag. I defy anyone to deny the authenticity of this incident. I commend this historic event to the especial notice of our Carlo-Lutheran press, which reddens my face with shame with its anti-Spanish cry of “*Deutschland über Alles!*” Aye, “Germany above all!” Even above the Spanish flag; and, so much above it, that she drags it to the ground and wipes her feet on it as on a

II

THE SOPHISTRY OF JACOBINISM

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I WILL now anticipate an objection which certain simple-minded persons may urge, on reading the preceding chapter. "We will admit," they may say, "all that you advance against the Germans and against their Emperor: that they are cruel; that they are liars; that they are disloyal, insolent and truculent—but, does this authorise us to favour France, whose triumph would mean the triumph of Jacobinism and the consolidation of a persecuting and irreligious Republic?"

The *petitio principii* contained in the

assertion that the triumph of France would consolidate the Jacobin Republic needs but to be contemptuously dismissed, since no one can predict the future. And as for the present, all that it teaches us is, that those who are fighting, and those who are dying ; those who are conquering, and those who are learning to know their power, and are becoming conscious of their crushing superiority, are Catholics with their priests at their head and who are numerically equal, if not superior, to the Jacobins. And it may well be inferred that when the three or four millions of victorious soldiers, who survive the butchery, return to Paris they will not allow themselves to be intimidated by a ridiculous handful of sectaries and slackers in the public offices, whom it is now impossible to dislodge and bring to their knees, since patriotism and the supreme interests of the national defence

forbid. No one swops horses when crossing a stream.

However, I desire to show a conciliating spirit and I will assent to the *petitio principii*:—the triumph of France means the triumph of a persecuting and irreligious Republic. Agreed! But what matters that to me, a Spanish Catholic? What injury will my religion and my country suffer thereby? The misfortune would be tremendous, horrible, irreparable for France; but for France alone, who in a very short time would fall to pieces and disappear from the comity of nations. But Catholicism, and its general interests, and the Holy See, would remain intact. I should feel compassion by reason of that general law of charity which makes us “grieve for a neighbour’s ill;” but not because of any hurt to me, or to my religion. Persecution, fastening on French

Catholics, would result in their destruction, and, with them, their country would perish : but other countries would remain untouched.

On the other hand, how universal, how incalculable, would be the evils that a German triumph would bring in its train. A triumph over all the peoples of the earth ! This triumph would mean a war of extermination waged on Catholicism ; the definite victory of the Protestant spirit ; the glorification of Luther—" my friend Luther," as the Kaiser says—it would mean the annihilation of " Roman superstition "—" the constant preoccupation of my life," according to a phrase from the Kaiser's excommunication of the Princess Sophia for her abjuration—it would mean the most sacrilegious attempts against the Pontifical throne. No one, neither individual, nor nation, would have the right to live,

unless he accepted the mark of the beast, suffered himself to be stamped with the impress of the Reformed religion and recognised William as a spiritual sovereign, a Satanic pope.

Anything, anything, rather than submit to such infamous slavery ! Perish France, a thousand Frances, but let the Holy See be saved ; let not Catholicism be quenched by the Prussian *pickelhaube* falling, like a huge extinguisher, over the Church of Christ and Peter's Chair.

III
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GERMAN CATHOLICISM

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It is nearly four years since I had occasion to take a journey into Germany with the object of making certain researches which had nothing to do with the present crisis. My journey was not a long one. I only visited Rhenish Prussia and Westphalia and cities of no greater importance than Cologne and Dusseldorf. I returned, not unsatisfied with the purpose of my journey, but, on the other hand, I brought back a distressing discovery. I acquired the conviction that if the German Catholics are Apostolic Catholics there is little of

the Roman Catholic to be found there. Lukewarmness, reserve, contempt of the Holy See, are as open as they are universal.

At that time, the burning question of mixed associations, a grave matter, had just inspired the immortal Pius X. to issue two powerful encyclicals which called the attention of the bishops, and of the faithful of the German Empire to the tremendous dangers of mixed associations and, with tears in his eyes, to emphasise the urgent need of replacing them, for the good of souls, by purely Catholic organisations, free from any outside elements. Every German who spoke to me of the matter—and there was not one but who did so—reproved openly and bitterly those two encyclicals. All, without exception, prelates, high ecclesiastical dignitaries, deputies of the Catholic Centre in the Reichstag, journa-

lists, presidents of social organisations, schoolmasters,—all without exception. Their refrain was ever the same, as if they were repeating a lesson learnt by heart: “We possess the most saintly of men in the Papal Chair. How exalted will be his place in heaven; but how prejudicial he is on earth! He speaks no other tongue than an Italian dialect. He has never travelled. He knows nothing of the world outside his dear Venetian lagoons. He is wholly ignorant, and must necessarily be ignorant, of the German mind and of the needs of the present time. His encyclicals betray a total misconception of realities, and to obey them would only be inflicting a grievous injury on the Catholic cause in Germany.” Mortified at hearing ever the same song, I opened my heart one day to an apostolic missionary—a missionary!—to whom I owed many

favours, and I said to him, "If all you gentlemen are of this opinion, how do you explain the unanimity of the two meetings at Fulda, where the German episcopate adhered *en masse* to the policy of the encyclicals?"

"But where did you read of this adhesion?"

"In the French Catholic press."

"So, at your age and with your grey hairs, you haven't yet learned that Frenchman and liar are synonymous! The French press printed this stupendous lie, either because of its proverbial frivolity and its supine ignorance, or with a benevolent object in view and in order to get us out of a scrape by not divulging the divergence between the Holy See and our bishops. The reports of the meetings have not, nor can they be, published, since they might be interpreted as a rebuff to the Sovereign

Pontiff. But I know, as well as most, what took place there, because I was present at the second meeting as assessor to a bishop. What happened was, that the episcopate remained unanimous in recognising that his Holiness had been mistaken and that his encyclicals were unworkable. One solitary bishop, although assenting to this, rose up and said, that since the touchstone of Catholicism was intimate union with the Chair of Peter, he held the opinion, in spite of all that had been advanced, that the encyclicals must be accepted; and this opinion he gave with death in his soul. Meanwhile, the Pope should be approached, with urgent representations, as respectful as they were energetic, to induce him to modify his opinion. No other bishop being willing to accept his point of view, the meeting carried a resolution unanimously—save

that one dissenting vote—to the effect that they would obey, but not carry into effect. And, in truth, we have not given effect to the encyclicals and we continue to wage a war, without quarter, against the associations recommended by the Vatican while favouring the others; and with much success, since the adherents of the latter are counted by millions whereas the former can only muster a few thousands.”

Such is the mental disposition of German Catholics. It was for this reason that, deeply impressed by the lukewarmness of German feeling, so far as regarded the obedience and submission due to the Vicar of Christ, I could not forbear smiling when I read the concluding sentence in the burning protest raised by the German Cardinals to the Kaiser against Monsignor Baudrillart's *The German War and Catholi-*

cism—"We appeal against such a book to our supreme spiritual authority." I thought so, said I within myself: a German, even though he wear the purple, is a German before he is a Catholic—*Deutschland über Alles*—and considers himself more a subject of the Emperor than of the Pope. To have recourse to the latter, and to submit to his judgment, would be to recognise a supremacy which he does not admit in national or patriotic questions. I have made careful enquiries, for many months had passed, and up to this day no appeal has reached the Vatican. Monsignor Baudrillart, who had just returned from Rome and to whom Cardinal Gasparri had directly and personally given this assurance, confirmed this on his word of honour. And, although, according to my missionary friend at Cologne, Frenchman and liar are synonymous, if the

illustrious Rector of the Catholic University of Paris were capable of distorting the truth, his Holiness' Secretary of State would have disavowed him, as he did M. Latapie in June last when he published his boasted interview.

Having exposed the sentiments of the mass of Catholics in Germany, let us come to the attitude of the Kaiser, who, according to our Carlo-Lutheran press, is destined to restore Catholicism throughout the world. And, as I admit my incompetence in this matter, and have no knowledge of what is at the back of the minds of those who are responsible for German politics, I will say nothing of my own knowledge, but will allow the high ecclesiastical authorities of the country to speak for themselves. The highest of all, Dr. Rosenberg, professor of theology, the same who essayed to refute, and certainly with small success,

Monsignor Baudrillart's book shall be our first witness, since he is above suspicion. This erudite ecclesiastic published a long article in a recent number of the Review, *Theologie und Glaube*, warning his countrymen and co-religionists of the dangers to Catholicism in the event—which he regarded as certain—of a German victory.

“German Catholics,” he writes, “must prepare themselves to act on the defensive, because they will be exposed to a second *Kulturkampf*, not indeed under the same form as that of 1871, but under another, no less injurious. The first position that will be besieged, if not straightway taken by assault, is the religious elementary school. The act of 1906 dealing with elementary education establishes the religious elementary school as the rule, but admits the lay school as an exception. Since the promulgation of that law the

German lay school has made great progress, which will be accentuated after the end of the war. Be it remembered that recently in Dusseldorf the lay body denied the subventions to Catholic high schools for women which they lavished, with such prodigality, on lay establishments. It is here, probably, that the attack will begin. Happily, German Catholicism has no need to take preparatory measures for its defence. Long since, it established an organisation, on peaceful lines, which can easily be made into a fighting instrument in order to defend its most sacred rights under the direction of its national leaders, the bishops. The German Catholic associations, with their whole public press, will descend into the arena closely united and will oppose the criminal aggressor with a *furia* as great as it will be irresistible.

“It is rash to embark on a religious

contest with a third of the population of the Empire; but we must be prepared for everything and ask ourselves, 'Is a second *Kulturkampf* to be kindled after the war?' It is impossible to give a categorical answer, and we must await events. All that can be now said is, that if the German Catholics do not desire it they fear it as little, since they are ready for the battle."

The same cry of alarm has been raised by another German Catholic, his eminence the Bishop of Rottenburg, Monsignor Keppler, who a short time ago, when consecrating a church at Schronberg in Wurtemberg, exclaimed, "No one knows whether the present war will be followed by another which for the German people may be, and in fact will be, quite as important. There are indications that may quite well give rise to a religious conflict which

will decide whether Germany is, or is not, to remain a Christian state."

Similar fears, which are apparent in pious Germany, may be also observed in apostolic Austria. Monsignor Piffle, Archbishop of Vienna, said recently at a meeting of Catholics at Mäidleng, "I cannot tell you, beloved brethren, the joy I felt on perceiving that Catholic thought has taken such deep root in Mäidleng, and, especially, on beholding the zeal your men are displaying in Catholic organisations. When this monstrous war ends, another will be kindled, as in 1871, the war of the *Kulturkampf*. Then, beloved Catholics, you will have to give ear to the voice of the Church and of your bishop; then must we prove that we are no men of straw but men strong and faithful to our ancient creed, and to our traditional beliefs, and that we are neither disposed to allow ourselves

to be turned from our goal, nor to retreat, for any one."

Let those who cherish the illusion that the triumph of Germany would inaugurate a new era, as in the days of Constantine, and would bring peace to the Church, meditate on these sinister predictions; and then, searching the depths of their conscience, say, whether they believe themselves to be better informed than these three German Catholic authorities concerning what the "friend of Luther" is contemplating when the war is over.

IV

THE CARLO-LUTHERAN PRESS

IV

THE CARLO-LUTHERAN PRESS

IN the immense battlefield which ranges over hundreds of miles and reaches from the North Sea to the Swiss Alps, two parallel lines of trenches confront each other.

The hour of battle dawns, and from the depths of one line there rises a fervent cry of faith; invocations to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; prayers to Holy Mary; sacred hymns and a supreme appeal to the Divine Mercy-seat, with a cry, a thousand times repeated, of "Absolution!" And then, the Ministers of God stretch forth their hands over those multitudes

of the faithful and bless them. From the opposite trenches there rises to the clouds, or, I should rather say, there descends to the abyss, a satanic clamour, thundered forth in guttural accents, from thousands of throats—the *Hymn of Hate*, the Lutheran Choral. And there are periodicals which glory in the name of Catholic, and which echo this cry and pray to God to give victory to such as these and to exterminate their foes!—And this press is the Carlist press which represents the party of the modern crusaders!

If my unforgettable masters, Navarro Villoslada and Gabiño Tejado, Ceferino Suárez Bravo and Aparisi Guijarro, were to raise their heads again, it is terrifying to think with what vigour they would stigmatise the aberration of those who have inherited their functions in our period.

ical press. And even more than by this monstrous perversion would their righteous indignation flame forth against the language in which they clothe these unnatural sentiments. What trivial and coarse vituperation ! What coarse jests, not indeed of the tavern and the barracks, but of the jail. What clownish contortions ! What shameless mockery of the most august and solemn things—of death itself ! What foul and base language to belittle men who are dying in defence of their hearths and homes !

There are, of course, honourable exceptions ; and among these it would be unjust not to number the courteous Miguel Peñaflor and the gentle Junyent ; but, with the exception of a few rare, very rare, writers who observe the respect due to their profession and to the public, if not to their opponents, what shameful intellectual

debasement ! And after having showered insults on heroes whose fame is world wide, they proceed to write with the most inconceivable naïveté, and in a style which aims at being brilliant, but which only succeeds in being inept, “ *The Allies love us !* ” and, having given vent to this piece of irony, they string together a series of fictions, taken from the Wolff agency, each more preposterous than the other, to prove that the Allies have no love for Spaniards. Naturally, the astonishing thing would be the contrary.

Surprised by perfidy and treachery, a Bayard, or a Cid, lies prostrate on the ground. A clown passes, cudgel in hand, and lifting it deals him a blow. The fallen cavalier looks up at him with scorn, with the scorn he deserves, and flings in his face the word “ coward ! ” The clown, turning to the spectators,

cries with amazement, "Look, gentlemen, I call you to witness; this man does not love me!"

Some time ago, the *Correo Catalán*, the doyen of our press, to me most estimable and in whose glorious campaigns I have had the honour of co-operating for a great part of my life, published a paragraph, of the yellow press type, totalling up, with a cannibal-like glee, all the sums of money extracted as war levies—which is the euphemism by which is designated nowadays what our fathers used to call bluntly and simply, plunder—from the chief Belgian cities by the Northern barbarians; and these sums, if I rightly remember, reached the total of thirty millions sterling. The anthropophagous journalist added, "The Germans may lose, but so far as the thirty millions are concerned, they already have got them and

who will make them disgorge?" My shame was so deep, that being unable to contain myself, I straightway took up my pen and wrote to the worthy editor of the paper: "I have read the shameful paragraph written, not even with the foot but with a jackboot, where a savage brute rejoices that the Germans have robbed the Belgians of more than thirty millions sterling and who defies anyone to make them disgorge their plunder. Please inform this unprincipled scribe that I accept the challenge, and that not only will they be forced to disgorge, but that they shall make restitution, with the addition of a million to the sum for interest, in the same way that if a highwayman were to rob me of my purse and were to be arrested by the police, the law would certainly compel the restitution of the sum I had been robbed of." By these inexcusable

and scandalous perversions, the conscience of our unhappy and impressionable masses is debauched and monstrosities are provoked, such as that revealed in another Carlo-Lutheran periodical, one of the youngest, but one of the most estimable, which recently announced, a little piqued, that complaints had been received from many of its subscribers at its publication of the news of Russian victories. "We want," said the complainants, "to know nothing favourable to the Allies; and if you continue to publish anything of a nature distasteful to Germany we shall stop our subscriptions." What asses they must be! The exclamation is a bitter one, but who can deny that it is deserved? One must be stupid indeed to go so far as to avow oneself of the breed of the ostrich which hides her head under her wing, and, by closing her 'eyes, thinks' the hunter

no longer exists, since she sees him not.

And what shall I say of my beloved *Correo Español*, my child, nourished at my breast, and whom I love with a parent's love? Happily its circulation is forbidden in France. I say "happily," because the injury its articles have done to Spain and to the Carlist cause has been incalculable; it has sown the tares of a hatred, justifiable enough, whose consequences will be felt for generations to come. And how can it be otherwise considering its irritating and provocative partiality! By the rarest of chances a solitary back number fell into my hands a short time ago. It almost took my breath away when I read in it an article, apparently inspired, which, under the heading, "*What the Carlists owe to Germany*," read as follows: "If there were no other reasons to desire the victory of

Germany, the gratitude alone would suffice which is due to her from all right-minded people. To those who would learn all that Germany has done for the Carlist Cause we may commend the following sources of information: *The Memoirs of General Berriz*; the famous *Colloquies of Estrada with Bismark*; the magnanimous protest of the great Chancellor against the ill-feeling evoked throughout the Empire by the execution of Captain Schmidt, and his justification of that act; the Chancellor's letters preserved in the archives of Frosdorff; the declarations published by General Cathelineau in 1876, in the *Journal de Paris*, where he enumerates the services rendered to the Carlists by Bismark."

The ensuing *slight* rectifications may be advanced against the above statements. Firstly, General Elicio de Berriz, with

whom I was in correspondence up to his last hour, and who lived with me under the same roof in the Palazzo Loredan for the six months preceding his death, left no Memoirs at all. Secondly, Don Guillermo Estrada died prematurely, never having seen Bismark, not even his back. Thirdly, when the Carlists, exercising their undoubted rights, shot Captain Schmidt, who was a Prussian captain in the service of the enemy, as a spy, Bismark's magnanimity was confined to sending two ironclads—I remember that one bore the name of the *Albatros*—to bombard the defenceless fisher villages of the Cantabrian Coast. I express myself ill; his intervention was not confined to this. He also inserted a note in the official organ of his country, which declared that the valiant Infante, Don Alfonso, was guilty of crimes at common law, and that if he

were found within the German Empire he was to be handed over to Spanish justice as an assassin and the incendiary of Cuenca. Fourthly, there exists in the archives of Frosdorff, which I know a little better than the author of the paragraph, not a single line of the iron Chancellor's. Fifthly, General Cathelineau, with whom I was bound by the most intimate friendship, never, in all his life, named Bismark, except to execrate and curse him. If that soldier, so harsh and so passionate in outward aspect but so kind at heart (his soldiers used to call him the "wild boar")—if he had, I will not say known, if even he had suspected that Bismark had done the slightest service to the Carlists, he would, in very deed, have renounced the ideals of a life-time and have broken for ever with the Spanish Legitimists. With the exception of those

small inexactitudes the remainder of the article is simple truth.

By these monumental fables, Carlist opinion is formed, or rather I should say deformed, and the whole of a noble party is deceived. And these falsehoods are of small moment compared with those which our press piles up in order to conceal from its readers the real truth concerning the present war, by suppressing the Allies' communications, or by depreciating them, with the most evident bad faith, puffing up the pettiest successes of the Germans and concealing the biggest successes of the other side. Suffice it to say that, up to this date, our public knows nothing of the battles of the Marne and of the Yser, battles that were two great French victories; the one an offensive victory, and the other equivalent to our victory of Somorrostro, although on a much larger

scale, a defensive one. And the first of these victories was of such supreme importance that it will be remembered in history for its crushing nature, and its transcendent effect, alongside the decisive victories of Navas de Tolosa and Waterloo, since virtually it decided the course of the war.

For there Goliath fell. Unhappily, the monster fell on French soil and to carry away his immense carcass, encumbered with so many tons of steel, will demand superhuman exertions; but, after all—dead he lies.

What happened in that epic fight of the Marne was what happened in the battle of the Champs Catalauniques, which was fought precisely on the same ground. Attila was hurled back from Compiègne to beyond Soissons. What boots it that, having been driven beyond Soissons, he yet remained many, very many months

entrenched behind his chariots of war, even as the modern Attila has taken refuge in his subterranean dens? However long it lasted mattered not, since that Attila of old was vanquished, a wild beast whose claws had been cut, and whose teeth had been drawn: even so is it to-day. True, I have read an article in one of our organs on the great German victory of the Marne which bore the signature of an army officer. Naturally, for the honour of our officers, I do not believe for a moment that the writer was what he claimed to be, since no officer could maintain that the retreat of the German army was voluntary and had been premeditated from the beginning of the war, "constituting a strategical movement so admirable that neither Napoleon, nor Moltke, together, would have been capable of conceiving, much less of executing, the like." "With

generals of such high capacity as these," concludes this strategist, "not even the blindest can fail to foresee the final issue of the war."

These lies of omission, which deprive the impartial reader of the data necessary to form an exact judgment on what is happening, are the daily bread of the Carlist press. For example, the immortal pastoral letter of Cardinal Mercier has only been published in a mutilated form; the most important passages of the whole letter, in which the great Primate denounced the assassination of his priests, have been suppressed, including the list of those whom he swore, on his faith as a cardinal, had never been tried nor had committed the smallest act which could justify the sacrilegious crime.

A like silence is maintained in our press concerning facts of such capital importance

as the conversion of Prüm and Gottfried Kürth, two glories of the Church, and both of German blood, German education and intellectual temperament, who, having hated the French all their lives, when they personally witnessed the barbarities of the Germans, renounced their old loves and passed, arms, bag and baggage, to the opposite camp and who wrote a magnificent tribute in justification, and to the honour, of France. What shame was mine, who have been a life-long Carlist, and who already by my years am well-nigh the patriarch of our community—what shame was mine when I beheld our organs maintain a conspiracy of silence concerning these facts, while others, of a pro-German character they considered themselves justified in not concealing from their readers.

As a contrast, let us take the *Universo*, an excellent periodical, to which I owe

fávours and courtesies which I can never forget, since, after all, it is not a Carlist organ. This paper, inconsolable and afflicted, dedicated two sincere articles to the event, in which it deplored the conversion of Gottfried Kürth. Yes, the *Universo* deplored it, as it had a perfect right to do, while at the same time recognising its great significance and by no means hiding the light of its importance under a bushel, but rather setting it on the top so that its readers should not fail to be impressed. Moreover, never in the course of the most bitter, and, at times, most unjust, attacks on the Allies have I seen printed in the columns of this same periodical, a coarse word, or an unseemly epithet, or even a joke in bad taste. Every word written in good faith and in perfect courtesy, even when mistaken.

Quite otherwise is the Carlo-Lutheran

press. Let the silly fables be recalled concerning the Russian armies which, according to its pages, ceased to exist after May, 1915, having been exterminated, without leaving a wrack behind, by the Germans. Nearly a year has passed, and these armies, whose heroism surpasses that of all the belligerents put together, the Serbians alone excepted, have continued to fight valiantly, often without guns or munitions, against forces twice or thrice their own in numbers and, relying alone on the bayonet or the butt ends of their rifles, have taken over a hundred thousand prisoners in the month of September last.

* And this has been going on for the last six months, and the credulous Carlist reader is so innocent that he has not even perceived that this same long struggle of the Russian army is the most striking contradiction that can be given to its lying periodicals !

V

THE CHOIR OF THE EUNUCHS

V

THE CHOIR OF THE EUNUCHS

THE result of this permanent conspiracy against the truth has been to create, in our excellent rank and file, a meanness of mind which is displayed in an idolatrous worship of Germany, and which views all that proceeds thence through monstrous magnifying glasses. I have often heard the late Cándido Nocedal use these words, which he was fond of repeating, "I owe two favours to Providence for which I never cease, not even for a day, to render thanks to God our Lord—one, that I am a Catholic; the other, that I am a Latin.

The former fills me with an immense sense of gratitude : the latter with a noble and legitimate pride, since we Latins are the aristocracy of the human race—all the rest is plebeian." This was in the days of Don Cándido. The new Carlo-Lutherans have changed all that.

Nowadays, we Latins are held to be so debased, so abject, so degraded, that if we would regenerate ourselves, nothing is left but to join the German herd, and not as herdsmen, but as cattle, and submit to the Prussian lash in order that we may be tamed and civilised ! No, a thousand times, No ! Never will I bend beneath so intolerable a yoke !

Don Cándido was right. The Latins are at bottom infinitely superior to the Germans, who are, spiritually, an inferior race. It has been frequently my lot to contemplate French and German soldiers

mingled together in ambulances, or convoys of wounded ; and the difference was most striking and unforgettable. What a profound difference between the round heads of the Germans ; their receding foreheads ; their furtive eyes ; their carnivorous looking jaws ; the half cunning, half fierce look on their faces, and the frank open countenances ; the bright, clear eyes of the French ! The former, the personification of brutishness : the latter of gods, fallen gods if you will, but fallen straight from Olympus.

The sole advantage of the Germans is their discipline ; their aptitude for wielding the lash. An excellent thing in a jail, but out of place in a society of free men. Señor Mella may deceive himself as he will ; I believe, and shall believe all my life, that there is more enlightenment contained in a single page of his works

than in a hundred of the ill-digested tomes of any famous "*Herr Doctor*" of a Teutonic University.

Thus much as far as concerns the domain of intelligence. If we regard the manner of conceiving human dignity, there is not a single soldier in the whole French army who would suffer himself to be yoked to his cannon and his machine gun with chains of iron like the negroes of Miramolin ; he would rather shoot his officer and then blow out his own brains.

Let those who feel they possess the spirit of a eunuch join the choir of those who shout, "*Deutschland über Alles!*" They will only inflict on themselves the bitterness of insults. As for me, who consider myself unemasculate, I will cry aloud, while breath remains, "A lie! a lie!" Above Germany stands Spain ; stand Justice, Truth, Right, God ! All these,

including God and Spain, our eunuchs place beneath, far beneath, Germany, as is proved by the scandalous, unheard of fact that certain Carlist periodicals have dared to denounce the Government for having exacted compensation and expressions of regret for our ships sunk by the *Boches*. For these journals, Germany stands above the lives of our brothers ! Perish the sons of Spain by the assassins' hands, rather than cause any annoyance to the Kaiser !

VI

THE ART OF BULLYING

VI

THE ART OF BULLYING

To sweeten a little the bitter taste left in the reader's mouth by the remarks in the preceding chapter, it is only fair to say that this state of mind, and this servile acquiescence in humiliation, are not so general among our people as would at first sight appear. I do not deny that the major part think thus, but there are many Carlists, many more than appearances would indicate, who have not lost their heads, or their shame, to this degree. Apart from authoritative persons, such as Valle Inclán, Valbuena, Doctor Corral,

and others no less important, who have publicly declared that they do not desire to be included among these bedlamites, I possess letters from various regions of Spain which are written by most worthy members of our party who deplore the *delirium tremens* from which the majority of our co-religionists are suffering, and who call on me to repudiate such libels. "Do not believe," they say, "that we are so few in number. What happens, is, that these mad fellows shout while we wise ones hold our peace and consequently the voices of the former alone are heard. We are silent from moral seemliness, from horror of controversy and of the invectives of the market-place. You, who dwell far from this heated atmosphere, cannot imagine the degree of fury with which pro-German propaganda has inflamed the minds, especially of our youth, who are

more accessible to the influence of our periodical press. If we were to take part in this heated polemic we should immediately be pointed at with the finger of scorn, as renegades bought by the masonic lodges, and fall victims to the truculent bullying which has seized on our opponents and which tolerates neither contradiction nor the most courteous and most humble observations. 'Keep your mouths shut, all of you,' is the cry. That is to say, all you who do not unconditionally fall down and worship Germany; who do not burn incense before the Kaiser, the Lord's anointed. This, you will say, is sheer madness. Truly it is. But it is a fact before which we bow the head for the sake of peace at home and to escape martyrdom, for which we feel no vocation."

Such is the tenor of all the letters to which I allude. Among them I preserve

one, because of its importance, with especial care : it was addressed to me, a year ago, almost at the beginning of the war, by an eminent Carlist. I will not betray the confidence of its author. The trust he has honoured me with and the expression of tender affection which I reciprocate forbids me to name him ; but I will publish the substance of his letter, which runs as follows :—

“ You have converted me, or rather, you have finished the process of my conversion ; for already when the order was intimated to me to wage a determined and furious pro-German policy, and to fire point blank against the Allies, I underwent much searching of heart since I could not conceal from myself the grave danger involved in favouring the triumph of the Protestant cause. Your friendly and cogent arguments have succeeded in

removing the last scales from my eyes, and I now clearly see the real nature of the issue. You are wholly right and I share your views. It is perfectly true, as you say, that all the leaders of the belligerent nations are either indifferent or hostile to our cause, and its chief; except the heroic Albert of Belgium and the Emperor of Russia. These two sovereigns are the sole personal friends of Don Jaime, they alone know what he represents, they alone have shown him sympathy and will be disposed to aid him, if God grant them a preponderant position in the world. This consideration is of a personal character, and well worthy to be taken into account, especially if we reflect with what scorn, not to speak of malevolence, the Central Empires will treat us if victory favours their arms. For this reason, and for the supreme importance of the fact that if

the dictatorship of the world were to fall into the hands of so rabid a Lutheran as the Kaiser, it would constitute a terrible menace to the Church, I give my adhesion to all you say to me, and I consider that the line of conduct our leaders would impose on us would be fatal from a religious, patriotic and Carlist point of view.

“Nevertheless do not be offended if, in spite of all this, I continue to defend in public an insensate policy which I condemn in my heart. Let me explain my motives to you. The excitement among our people has reached an unexampled degree of violence. German brutality has so permeated our masses that they pay no heed to reason and only obey the most frenzied passion. Given the position I now occupy in the party, and considering that which I should hold if I were to break with the central management, my dissent would

only provoke a schism and break up that unity which is so indispensable to our Communion. Courage fails me to assume the responsibility of a step the consequences of which might be irreparable, not only for my own insignificant person, but for the Cause. I shall continue, therefore, to obey what is laid upon me, for the sake of discipline, while praying fervently that the eyes of the blind may be opened and that at length a day may dawn when your views shall prevail in our Communion. Let us hope that this may somehow come to pass and that our people may be undeceived without our having to sacrifice the immense benefit of unity."

I quite understand the sad situation in which my estimable correspondents find themselves and I can appreciate their attitude; except so far as relates to their

being cowed by bullying. This fear is a puerile one and unworthy of generous minds such as theirs. Threats and calumnies should never daunt honourable men ; on the contrary they should hearten them to resistance. They should inspire contempt, not fear.

Articles have appeared in our pro-German press which would lead one to think that they could only have been written by venal pens, by writers paid out of the reptile fund. Nevertheless, such a base thought has never passed through my mind. He who, without proof, accuses a co-religionist of venality, and of descending to base considerations of self-interest, only proves that he himself would be capable of a betrayal for money and measures others by his own gauge, because he has been born with a venal soul.

VII

IN VINDICATION OF THE
SOCIETY OF JESUS

VII

IN VINDICATION OF THE
SOCIETY OF JESUS

THOSE who, like myself, profess a singular veneration for the habit of St. Ignatius, and respect it in no wise less than we do the Cardinal's purple, are, in these days subjected to an intolerable torment. All our friends who come from Spain, or who write to us thence, assert, either with visible joy or with indescribable pain, that the most solid foundation on which the German cause rests in our unhappy country is the Society of Jesus. "The Jesuits and Mella," they all say, "have

placed themselves in the forefront of the movement against the Allies ; it is they who have determined the evolution of the mass of Spanish Catholics in this direction. There is not a single Jesuit who is not a pro-German." I deny this absolutely. I deny it with as much indignation as energy. I go even further ; much further. I challenge anyone to name a single Spanish Jesuit who defends Germany and who dares to proclaim it under his signature. Among the honourable qualities which characterise the militia of St. Ignatius, the most celebrated is its *esprit de corps*. After offences against the Church those which the sons of St. Ignatius pardon least, and least forget, are offences against their Order. This being self-evident, if a Jesuit existed so oblivious to this honourable tradition as to work for Germany and against the Allies I would ask him, with all due respect, to tell me,

what would have happened to the Society if it had not been recruited from France ? To what a skeleton would it not have been reduced !

Then, with equal respect, I would beg him to take a journey into Great Britain and visit there Stoneyhurst and Beaumont Colleges, in order to form an idea of how the English—government and nation too—treat their Jesuits, and also to make a tour by Canterbury, Hastings and the Island of Jersey, and learn how the English welcome the Jesuits who have been expelled from other lands. To this a pleasure trip might follow to the British Colonies in order to learn to know the Jesuit establishments, which I have seen with my own eyes—missions, colleges, schools, immense Universities, such as that of Bombay, are maintained by the country of Henry VIII. in compensation for the

crimes committed by that crowned monster.

The result of this tour would be, that the good Father, let his prejudices have been what they might, would return to his cell amazed at the millions and millions which England spends on the Jesuits, the protection she affords them, and the respect with which they are treated; he would remain firmly convinced of the following truth—that at this time of day a Jesuit is of social importance in the land of Anglicanism.

After these excursions, I would counsel him to have a glance at Germany; but, to show himself only on the safe side of the frontier, without, however, actually crossing it, for if he were tempted to cross it he would be laid in jail. In fact, Jesuit and criminal are synonymous in the land of the *Boches*, and any member of that Society who should set his foot there would

be treated as guilty of an offence against the laws of the State. The infamous Laws of May, invented by Bismarck, have little by little been abrogated, except in so far as regards the Society. In this respect they retain all their rigour.

In vain have the Catholics multiplied their efforts; in vain has the Catholic Centre in the Reichstag exerted all its power, even to the extent of shameful and almost criminal concessions, such as the renunciation of its essential Catholic character by opening its ranks to Protestants, in order to flatter the Emperor. All has been without effect; every effort has been wrecked against the inflexible will and satanic hatred of the Kaiser. He, and he alone, personally, and at times placing himself in opposition to the advice of his ministers, refuses to suffer any derogation of the laws and

demands that these infamous enactments shall be applied to the Jesuits, as indeed they are applied, in all their rigour. The Emperor William never forgets that the disciples of St. Ignatius are the firmest supporters of the "Roman superstition" to the extermination of which, to use his own words, he has determined to devote his life.

A similar determination was cherished by his grandmother, Queen Victoria, who, contrary to the purport of a silly legend, was never converted to Catholicism. Rather did she detest it, up to the day of her death, from the bottom of her heart; since she belonged to the Low Church, that branch of the Anglican Church most opposed to the papacy. None the less, about thirty years ago, her ministers, giving way to public opinion, induced her one day—and I had the unspeakable good fortune to be

present—to call at Beaumont College, the gardens of which border on Windsor Park, in order to offer a neighbourly greeting to the Jesuits and *thank* them for the good work they were doing in England. That step must have cost the old Queen much. It was the first time, since the Reformation, that an English sovereign had knocked at the door of a Jesuit establishment. Never will her grandson consent to imitate her: rather than accede to this act of reparation he would suffer his hand to be cut off—even if it were the sound, and not the withered one.

These things being granted, can it be conceived that a single Jesuit exists who would defend Germany? Clearly not. And even if such an abnormal being existed he should be regarded as a solitary phenomenon; a kind of deserter from his flag. And if, by an act of self-stultification,

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he denied his patriarch, St. Ignatius, before
men, his patriarch, St. Ignatius, would deny
him before God.

VIII

ENGLAND AND THE
REVOLUTIONARY OPPOSITION

VIII

ENGLAND AND THE REVOLUTIONARY OPPOSITION

I NOW come to the two chief arguments which our Spanish pro-Germans make play with, as they think, triumphantly. It is not lawful to a Catholic to make common cause with the Allies, because among them stands England, our traditional enemy: and because they are supported by the revolutionists and demagogues of the whole world. Let us deal with one at a time and begin with England, carrying over the argument, for greater clearness, from the domain of politics and applying it to a personal question.

Let us suppose that a bandit has slain my father and my mother, robbed me of my patrimony, and brought me to ruin. Let us concede that these are the crimes of England against Spain. On a day, it chances that a fire breaks out in my house wherein the dearest possessions I have in the world are preserved—my children. We will suppose that this heartless robber, not from any noble or generous motives—since he knows them not—but for reasons of self-interest, and in order to save something of his own, which also is in danger of being burnt, forces his way through the flames and, in peril of his life, wrestles with death for the salvation of my children : defying the greatest dangers, he carries them forth in his arms. Shall I, at that tragic moment, stay to recall what happened yesterday, or is to happen to-morrow? By no means. All my thoughts, all my

soul, will be centred in to-day's peril, and I shall hail the bandit as a providential saviour, while I reserve the settling of past accounts until the fire is quenched and I need his help no longer. Such is the case of England.

On the other hand, I do not know what door may give us access to Gibraltar, but I do know perfectly well the bolt that may make it impossible for us to enter into that chamber belonging to our house. This bolt is the policy we are following to-day; the policy of curs yelping at the moon; the policy of weeping like women, or crying like children, instead of acting like men. It is clear enough that there is no Spaniard, worthy of the name, to-day who does not advocate the most absolute neutrality, and that he who should try to break it would be a criminal or a madman. But this is the situation to-day, not that of yesterday.

Yesterday, a year ago, the patriotic, the national policy, would have been to have adopted the opposite course and, with fulminating rapidity, to have seized on the occasion to make all the profit we could out of a favourable situation. If, on the first day of August, 1914, Carlos VII. had been seated on the Spanish throne, I, who knew that great statesman's soul to its very depths, and whose profound insight is unknown to the public,—I have no doubt whatever as to what would have been his policy. Frankly and openly, he would have entered on the contest and, with the loyalty that has always characterised his actions, would have thrown his cards on the table and discovered his hand.

He would have said, "I am, with my whole heart and for a thousand complex reasons, an enthusiastic friend of France, for whom I was ready to shed my blood in

1870 by offering to fight for her as a volunteer against Germany. My sentiments have not changed. But to-day, at the side of France I see England, our hereditary enemy, who perpetuates the affront of Gibraltar on our soil. Our national sentiment is anti-English, and I identify myself with the national sentiment. Is Great Britain disposed to blot out this mark of ignominy, of ignominy for her more than for us, and to take down her flag from that rock which to-day, with the advance of modern artillery, is a position of doubtful value and would serve her but little on the day when we should contest her possession of it with the help of powerful allies? If she will accomplish an act of justice which would disarm my people's hostility, and satisfy our most just grievances, Spain would not indeed fight on the Allies' side, but would adopt an attitude which might be termed one of

passive belligerency, highly beneficial to them. Let them count neither on a sou of my treasury, nor on one of my soldiers ; but let them freely make use of our territory and profit by our geographical position. Let them dispose of my shores and of my ports ; let them make naval bases of Mahon, of Cartagena, and wherever they may please. Let them cross my territory if they prefer that way rather than transport their troops from Morocco by sea. They must ask us neither for a farthing of our money, nor for a drop of our blood ; as for the rest, they may consider us as their most trusty allies.

“ If my proposals are refused, even then I will not commit any breach of neutrality, but I shall find myself compelled, in order to satisfy the aspirations of my people, to station 200,000 men in the Pyrenees, which will hold up eight or ten French army

corps, indispensable for the defence of Paris.* Choose ! ”

If these proposals had been formulated during the tragic days of Liège, of Namur, and of Charleroi, it is a thousand chances to one but that they would have been accepted; and so, without the smallest material sacrifice and with great material and moral profit, we should have obtained the satisfaction due to us. This would have been far more practical than to seek to intimidate England with blustering threats, which England knows as well as we do are only wasted on the air, since we can follow them with no effective acts.

And now, having refuted this sophistry with regard to England, let us pass to the second, that relating to the Revolutionary Left. This sophism is, if possible, still more easily disposed of and, even if we try to regard it seriously, has only a negative

value. And negative arguments, according to the principles of good logic, can only be accepted as subsidiary and in the absence of more solid ones.

To fight against the Allies solely because the revolutionary parties of the Left are with them, is equivalent to a most shameful confession of intellectual ineptitude. Those who take refuge behind this argument—and they form the immense majority of Catholics who know none other—implicitly acknowledge that they are incapable of distinguishing good from evil by the light of their own intelligence, or Justice from Injustice, and that they find themselves forced to have recourse to their neighbour to kindle it for them. They must have a pointer to scent out their game since they have no flair themselves. It is a cause of no less amazement than grief to find a man of such sense and character

and authority as my illustrious friend Don Manuel Polo y Peyrolón, saying that he must think thus and thus because our opponents of the Left think and say the opposite, and to find him repeating this to satiety in his well-written pro-German articles, as the *sole* argument which justifies his action.

Humility is an excellent thing, one of the most beautiful and the least practised of the Christian virtues ; but in God's name, let us not elevate it to such a degree as to conflict with personal dignity. Do you believe, Don Manuel of my soul, that Lerroux, Romanones, and all our other friends of the Left, have the advantage of you in lucidity of judgment ? If you do, you are mistaken, my friend. I know you, then, better than you know yourself, and I tell you, you do not deserve to be measured by so low a standard.

According to this criterion, so petty, so humiliating, the day that the chorus of the Left hold their peace and those among them alone raise their voices, who, like Baroja, proclaim that Germany must be supported because her triumph would mean the rout of Catholicism, immediately, you would be forced, in order to be logical, to pass over to the pro-Allies without the terms of the problem having been changed one whit.

I am more vain and more impatient than you—perhaps because I am of less worth—and when I hear all those gentlemen of the Left call the Kaiser the scourge of the human race, I consult my reason and the facts ; and, instead of contradicting them, I exclaim, “ Even these have judged him ! ”

IX

THE MAN AND THE MACHINE

IX

THE MAN AND THE MACHINE

EVERY moral consideration in the present conflict is against Germany—the injustice and perfidy of the aggression; the barbarity of her proceedings; the flouting of her pledged word and of her most sacred promises; the violation of the most elementary principles of the rights of nations and of natural right, all concur in rendering the Teutonic cause odious and indefensible, and, as a consequence, compel us to regard the cause of the Allies with sympathy: for they have reason and justice on their side.

But, to these moral reasons, others must be added no less cogent, although they are of a secondary order. I mean utilitarian reasons. In the first place, Germany must be fought because her triumph would mean the total eclipse of liberty in the world ; the crushing of all small nationalities ; and, in the second place, because no one who has not the instinct of suicide binds his destiny to a corpse ; and the German Empire is a corpse. Given the immense mass of its bulk it stands erect by the force of gravity : but, dead it truly is. The miracle of the Marne gave it a mortal blow. Humanly speaking, the Germans thought the war was won before they undertook it. The prodigious nature of its long, treacherous and methodic preparation did not permit of the possibility of a mistake. But for the providence of God, the barbarians would have infallibly entered Paris in the

first week of September, 1914, and would have imposed peace on their victims in the last days of the same month. The probabilities of their triumph were, at least, as a thousand to one. The collapse of plans, humanly speaking so infallible, is the greatest and most striking proof to be found throughout the centuries of the hand of God in history.

At the present moment, having failed in their first assault, the terms of the problem have been inverted absolutely and completely. The immense, the incalculable, benefits of the preparation of almost half a century have disappeared and the Allies have regained all the advantage lost during that enormous lapse of time. To-day, the fight is between blind brute force and spiritual force; between the machine and the man. Which of these two elements of the struggle is superior to the other? The

machine, while it maintains its new efficiency and has lost no screw and while all its cogs and wheels are in perfect working order ; the man, if the machine begins to collapse and its essential pieces are lacking. German organisation is infinitely superior to French organisation ; but the essential factor, the soldier, is infinitely superior in France. The German machine has lost its essential elements.* Ninety per cent. of its incomparable staff of officers has perished ; its supplementary officers have been improvised and are without ascendancy or authority ; the Imperial Guard, the whole of it, lies buried on the banks of the Marne, in the waters of the Yser, and in the valleys of Champagne. The Guard that has taken its place possesses neither its prestige nor its training ; it is the Imperial Guard only in name. The German officer cannot be improvised ; the French can, and marvellously.

As between two old and experienced officers, one German, the other French, the former is superior to the latter. Between a French lawyer, an engineer, a priest, a doctor, raised to the position of an officer by a summary training of a couple of months, and a German of the same cast, the Frenchman will be found to be immeasurably superior to the German. In German regiments the officers are everything and may be considered irreplaceable. If a battalion loses all its officers it surrenders at once. If a French battalion finds itself in similar case, straightway there issues from its ranks, a respectable country lawyer, or a humble village priest, or a young scamp from Belleville or Montmartre, who places himself at the head of the soldiers and leads them to battle, and to victory, with the same aplomb as the most war-worn colonel. Under these conditions it is an axiomatic

truth, more than ever evident (for even the most fanatical Francophobe cannot deny it, since it is confirmed by every page of history) that, numbers being equal, the French will always defeat the Germans. Never, never, since both nations have existed, have the Germans been able to stand against the French, hand to hand. They have always vanquished them by overwhelming numbers. In the battle of the Marne, nearly two millions of Germans were opposed to less than a million and a half of Frenchmen, and this superiority of numbers did not save them from defeat.

There is no need to go back to the epic times of Napoleon during which the Captain of the Century frequently routed the Germans with a third, or a fourth, of their forces. Coming down to our own times, to the disastrous war of 1870, the invaders only obtained their victories by

their crushing superiority in numbers. The two or three occasions when the forces were equal in strength the advantage remained with the French. And now, reckon what will happen when the *morale* of the invading army is abased to the earth and that of its enemies is exalted to the skies. Up to a short time ago the German hosts greatly exceeded those of the French. To-day they are approaching the same level. When they are fully equal; when a hundred thousand French encounter no more than a hundred thousand Germans, in the open field, in a strategic battle, and not in their warrens, they will clear them out of their path with amazing facility and the war will end with the destruction of the barbarians.

I know not if Joffre be a great general; but what I have no doubt about whatever is, that he must be taken as a great, a very

great and good man. The proof of this is, in the first place, that he has never spoiled his lips with a lie when inditing those incomparable reports, so sober, so modest, so true ; wherein he has never concealed a reverse, nor exaggerated an advantage, and which caused such merriment to the miserable scribes of the Carlist press who lavished their commentaries upon them salted, as usual,—from the kitchen. In the second place, the proof lies in his affection for his soldiers, in his regarding them as the children of his breast, economising their blood as it were his very own and, even more, renouncing the fame of brilliant victories which would have immortalised his name and which to-day are already within the reach of his hand, and depend solely on his will, because they would cost an enormous tribute of human lives. It is only a month ago since he informed his Govern-

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ment that he held it absolutely certain that he could, within a fortnight, purge French territory of the enemy at the cost of a sacrifice of one hundred thousand men, but that his heart and conscience would not suffer him to carry desolation and mourning into so many French homes.

Thanks to these noble scruples, the war will be prolonged ; but, since the Germans are pursuing the opposite tactics, and send their men in masses to the slaughter, the equilibrium of the two armies will soon be established and then the heirs of Attila will be unable to survive the wastage of their forces. To this expenditure of men another must be added, no less important,—the financial expenditure. This, in view of the decisive influence it will have on the issue of the war, deserves a chapter to itself.

X

**THE STORY OF THE TWO
SILVER CASKETS**

X

THE STORY OF THE TWO
SILVER CASKETS

ONE morning, a gentleman entered a silver-smith's shop and after having bargained for some time for two silver caskets, one valued at one hundred francs and the other at two hundred, decided to take the first, which he paid for and put in his pocket. In the evening, he returned with his purchase in his hand and said to the silver-smith:

“ You will remember that I bought this casket this morning after having hesitated between it and the other valued at two

hundred francs. Well, on further reflection I prefer the other, and I am come to see if you will permit me to change it."

"There is no difficulty at all," replied the jeweller.

"Thank you," said the purchaser; "I will return you this one, which is equal to one hundred francs, and with the other hundred I gave you this morning we shall be quits."

He bowed gracefully and left the shop before the seller recovered from his surprise. It then dawned upon him that this *chevalier d'industrie* had swindled him out of one hundred francs, and that he had only received the half of the price of the casket.

This is precisely the comedy which the German Treasury is playing; a comedy which a journal enjoying a large circulation, the *Telegraaf* of Amsterdam, has expressed in graphic form by a cartoon which has had

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immense success in the Low Countries. Michael, the common appellation of the typical German peasant, is shewn, one hand scratching his head and holding in the other a document filled with figures. Says the good man :

“Oh, my poor head, my poor head ! For the first loan I gave the Government one hundred marks and I received in return a piece of paper. For the second loan, they took this paper from me and gave me another. For the third loan they asked for this second paper, back again, and gave me yet another fresh one. And I am always asking myself, ‘Is it I who have gained three hundred marks, or is it the Government ? Or has neither of us gained anything ?’ Oh, my poor head, my poor head ! Who will have the kindness to disentangle this knot for me ? ”

This is a most faithful description of

German finance. The Treasury only manipulates scraps of paper, multiplying them *ad infinitum*, but actually the jeweller, or rather the State, has neither received nor will receive more than the hundred francs paid for the first casket. All the others are nothing but phantasmagoria, by which the Carlist simpletons are deluded; they who are fobbed off, with the produce of the paper mills; who exalt German finance to the skies and who, with such fine witticisms, mock at the poverty-stricken and wretched French and the mendicant English who, although in such real distress have none the less maintained their gold standard. ° In France the national loans are covered by solid coin with as much punctuality as rapidity. They have contracted another loan in the United States, and having asked the North Americans for five hundred millions of dollars, no less than eight

hundred were subscribed before the public subscription lists were opened. Such is the solidarity of French credit.

In England, in five minutes, the taxes were doubled with the unanimous approval of the country, and in a quarter of an hour the Parliament voted, by acclamation, and without debate, that fabulous budget, never yet recorded in history, of forty-four thousand millions of francs, and the economic elasticity of both countries is such that no one feels—the state less than anyone—the burden of these titanic efforts.

What monuments of honesty, of lucidity, of sincerity, of rectitude, are the statements on the economic situation made by M. Ribot in the French Chamber ! What a contrast between that truly Latin clarity,—be it said without offence to an hispano-tudesques—that crystallising transparency, as of a pure spring, that integrity, and the

ridiculous trickery, worthy only of thimble-riggers and quacks at a fair, to which the Prussian ministers have descended. The gravity of the case is not yet perceived in all its appalling significance, thanks—although this may appear paradoxical—to the desperate nature of the disease. The severe blockade imposed on Germany by the invincible British fleet, which seems to so amuse the Carlists—and me infinitely more—restricts her foreign purchases and compels the Germans to live on their own resources. Therefore, within the Empire they are forced to accept all this paper as current coin. But on the day when they are compelled to cross their frontiers and have recourse to the foreigner, because their means of subsistence is wholly exhausted, we shall see if they find any individual, or any nation, disposed to accept these dirty rags—even by weight.

XI

THE PHANTOM FLEET

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THE PHANTOM FLEET

RICHARD WAGNER has enriched his musical repertory with the *Phantom Ship*. Doubtless, in order to honour the Wagnerian tradition, his compatriots, not being content with one ship, added others to it so that it offered the spectacle of a Phantom Fleet. Heaven help us ! How those incomparable masters of the art of advertising deafened our ears with their portentous navy ! The second in the world ; and near, very near, to being the first. What have they done with that marvellous fleet ? Who has seen it, or heard news of it ? No one. All that is

known or conjectured is, that it lies skulking in Kiel ; voluntarily bottled up, trembling with fear and commending itself to friend Luther every time a storm rages, since the thunder seems to boom like English cannon, and yonder is the stormy sea !

It has, however, attempted two shameful sallies. One, when four armed cruisers, with an infinite number of torpedo-boats and destroyers, bombarded treacherously and perfidiously, according to their wont, the defenceless English coast and assassinated women and children in a bathing place. They caught sight of an English squadron, of almost equal strength, since it only possessed one extra unit, and at once turning tail, and forcing their boilers, they began to scuttle away, like the devil running away with a lost soul, refusing all combat, though not without leaving two of their best ships behind—plus the shame. The second attempt was against

Riga, where four old hulks, almost out of service and able to keep afloat with some difficulty, dispersed and put to flight some of their best ironclads. This and the piracy of their submarines has been all.

Nevertheless, such is the power of bluff that all of us, myself included, expected to witness, during the early days of the naval operations, the intervention of that powerful war-machine which might possibly be decisive—the more so as the German sailors had no need to conquer: the mere weakening of the enemy would have sufficed. Even if they had lost their whole fleet—and it is of little service to them as it is—they would have achieved their object if they had sunk, by a desperate engagement such as is fought on land, a third, or a half, of the hostile fleet. The blow to England would have been irreparable, for she needs all her immense naval resources in order to live, and most of all in war time.

It will be said that this would have been suicidal by reason of the disparity of strength. But this is not so ; for the inequality, even if it exists, is quite insignificant. The English fleet is scattered over every sea :—one squadron in the Pacific ; another in the Far East ; another in the Southern Ocean ; another in the Channel ; another in the Indies ; another in the Mediterranean, and others conveying transports almost from pole to pole.

Of two things, one : either the Germans were lying more impudently than usual when they boasted, on the eve of the war, that their mighty navy was almost equal in power to the English navy ; or, if they spoke truly, the equality of strength must have been attained when these distant services had scattered the British sailors over the four quarters of the globe, and had removed thousands and thousands of their ships far from the theatre of operations ; it would not be very

rash even to suppose that the balance might have been in favour of Germany, who held all her units concentrated at home. If they did not fight, it is because the prestige of the English navy kept them bottled up and inspired them with such wholesome fear as to be almost inconceivable; a terror like that of the hare for the hound, or the mouse for the cat. To such a pass has it come that it is impossible to imagine a more pitiful social position than that of the Kaiser's naval officers after the war. They will not dare to show themselves in the street in their uniforms, for fear of exposing themselves to universal derision. People will say, "Either this man served on a submarine and is a pirate, or he was on board a battleship and is a coward."

Compare this pusillanimity, which borders on the ludicrous, with the Olympic serenity of English and French sailors, proudly dis-

playing their national flag, carrying it invincible and unsoiled, over every ocean and transporting under its aegis millions of men from one end of the earth to the other. Our demented Carlist-Lutherans, with the wild language that characterises them, console themselves for the contrast between this impotency and the absolute command of the seas, by exalting the powers of German submarines, whose effect is as brilliant and as hurtful as the bites of half a dozen fleas on the hide of an elephant. Let them utter their pointless pleasantries to their hearts' content, since they will never prevent the spectacle of this phantom fleet from affording us two great lessons. The first is, that in Germany there may be trained sailors, submarine pirates, who have assumed the unenviable rôle of assassins; but there is no navy. The second is, that although we admit the impossible and concede that Germany may enter Paris and

Constantinople, Petrograd and Rome, and dominate the whole continent, the absence of her navy will always subject her to England. She, alone, without a single ally, will be able to bring Germany to her knees.

What moral degradation, on the other hand, will be hers when Albion, perfidious Albion, which has the reputation of being the most selfish, the most pitiless of nations on the earth, shall be able to say, with as much truth as pride, "My guns, throughout all this war, have never slain but belligerents; never a solitary innocent creature have I injured; while yours have foully murdered women, children, and the aged, by thousands. My sailors, at the risk of their own lives, have saved thousands of yours; while yours have never delivered one of mine from death." German insensibility has indeed reached such extremes as to be unable even to comprehend this language. Is there anything

more futile than the monstrous telegram despatched by the king of Wurtemberg to the mayor of Stuttgart when that capital was bombarded by French aeroplanes? That was an act of justice, a punishment a thousand times deserved, inflicted on the German city as a reprisal for the many bombardments by the Germans of open towns, places possessing neither fortifications nor a single soldier. The French only resolved to take this means in view of the recurrence of German attacks of this criminal nature, and they announced it as such, while adding that for the future, since their patience and long-suffering had been exhausted, every time a Zeppelin or a Taube flung bombs on defenceless French cities they would return them on another city of the Germans. Nothing is more natural, or more in accord with the rights of nations.

And yet this petty Teutonic sovereign,

the Kaiser's lackey, utters cries to heaven denouncing *urbi et orbi* that unspeakable attack, that unexampled cruelty. Where are his majesty of Wurtemberg's moral sense and eyes? True, since that act of reprisal, the air pirates have restrained their ardour. The fool—and the caitiff—dread the rod.

But, to return to the phantom fleet—a friend of mine, neutral at heart, but with some German sympathies, accounts for its inactivity by a theory, inspired, probably by the bitterness and disgust which this prolonged inertia of his friends has caused him. The explanation is, at first sight, of a humorous nature; but, given the practical and utilitarian character of the sermon, it may well conceal some germ of truth.

“The attitude of the Germans,” says my friend, “may be the result of a very profound calculation. Persuaded of their inevitable defeat, they do not conceal from

themselves that the victor will be implacable and exact a fantastic war indemnity from them, amounting to thousands of millions, and such as no nation in the world could find : therefore they are guarding their precious fleet intact as a pledge which will serve as a guarantee. They think that if they allow it to deteriorate, its market value will fall, whereas by keeping it, as it were in cotton wool, they will be able to say to the Allies when the terrible *quart d'heure* of Rabelais comes and they don't know where to turn, ' We have not the money you demand of us, but there are our ships as spick and span as when they came out of the arsenal. Take them in payment. And we ask you to consent to allow us a reduction on the amount due, by reason of the exquisite condition in which we have kept them, without exposing their brilliant surfaces even to a scratch.' "

XII

NAUSEA

XII

NAUSEA

IF we consider well, the Germans have no worse enemies than themselves. Their truculency, their brutality, their bad faith, their arrogance, their lying spirit, have gradually alienated from them the sympathies of those who at first felt themselves inclined to favour their cause. I have spoken of defections so characteristic as those of Prüm and of Kürth ; this latter, the imperishable glory of contemporary German science, honored with the intimate friendship of Leo XIII. and of Pius X., whom Leo qualified as the most renowned

will use all her influence with the Court of Tokio to induce it to respect the status of that archipelago, which is so attractively situated ; she has no doubt that the government of the Low Countries will, on its part, answer this proof of friendship by abstaining from any act which might be interpreted as hostile to the Allies."

In the face of that hint of Father Cobos,* Holland put a curb on her affection for Germany from dread of what might happen; but, in brief time, she accentuated her position, and not from fear, but from loathing. Her dignity was outraged by the piracies of the German submarines ; by the repeated violations of her territory ; by the insults to the national flag, and by Germany's ill-concealed threats of seizing on the mouths of the Scheldt in her day of triumph. And now, to-day, the immense majority of that people is anti-German.

* *Father Cobos*, a satirical periodical published at Madrid.

The same thing has happened in Switzerland, in Denmark, and in every other country, revolted by shameless Teutonic lies—in all, save in our unhappy Spain, where the thurifers of the Carlo-Lutheran press have sturdy stomachs, proof against nausea ; they continue to stand in ecstasy before German filth, which smells to them sweet as roses ; and to accept, as articles of faith, the grossest inventions of the Central Empires, while they laugh at all the reports from allied sources, however true they are. I passed some delightful hours at the time of the French victory in Champagne reading the comments this great French success evoked in the Carlist press. So they have taken 24,000 prisoners and 144 guns ? Come, come !. We have only to delete two or three noughts. One hundred and forty-four guns, forsooth ! One hundred and forty-four pop-guns ! What

delectation of spirit I enjoyed on reading those ineptitudes at the very time that train after train—fifty-three in a week—passed by Bourget station filled with standing *Boches* which we, who lived in Paris, were able to contemplate. As for the guns, I saw and counted at the Invalides, 71 of large calibre, dragged there and added to the 77, the 55, the 240, and the 305, as well as innumerable machine-guns already there, and I read the announcement that those persons who desired to see the other 78 should go to Chartres, about an hour distant, where they were on view, since no place could be found for them at the Invalides. 71 and 78, total 149! So, after all, the Carlists were right: the official report has been cooked. The captured guns were not 144, as Joffre said,—the liar,—but 149.

This discrepancy is explained by the

fact that, since the publication of the official report, five more guns had been dug out from the conquered German trenches and Joffre disdained to correct so trifling an error.

The idiosyncrasies of our Carlists are of such a nature that I should not be surprised to see our press seriously adducing this fact as a proof that Joffre is quite unworthy of credence, and that by diminishing his gains he has been caught in *flagrant délit* of falsehood.

XIII

DON JAIME

XIII

DON JAIME

I NOW come to the concluding chapters of my work, and I pray God that He may give me the necessary prudence to approach this aspect of the subject without losing self-control in face of the insolent provocations of those who so long have deceived our noble Carlist people. "Don Jaime is a pro-German!"—such is the calumny diffused with indefatigable insistency, in spite of the actual truth, and so destructive of the prestige of regal dignity.

Don Jaime is *not* pro-German : nor is he pro-French. Don Jaime is neutral ; and

even were he not at the bottom of his heart, it would be impossible for him to do otherwise than to proclaim himself as such. Our august Commander is indisputably the head of the Bourbons; of that exalted House which, by the titanic labours of a thousand years, built up, with the aid of the French bishops, French nationality, as bees construct their hive. A Bourbon who should lift up his hand against France would be a parricide. Don Jaime, moreover, is endowed with a steadfast heart; he never forgets, on the faith of a knight, the debts of gratitude which the Carlist Communion owes to France; France, who in two successive defeats—those of Carlos V. and Carlos VII.—welcomed the soldiers of Legitimacy as brothers. Here, in France, every political party, Republican, Bonapartist, Legitimist, with the single exception of the Orleanists—always ill-disposed to-

wards us—have striven in emulation to honour and cherish the vanquished of our Cause, in 1839 as in 1876. Carlos VII., although expelled during the later years of the Empire by Napoleon III., suppressed all personal ill-feeling in his love for France, and entreated the imperial proscriber to give him a soldier's place in the ranks of his army in order to defend the land of his ancestors. *Noblesse oblige* : Don Jaime can never be a pro-German.

On the other hand, grandson and brother of Austrian archduchesses, a near relative of the heiress to the throne of the Hapsburgs, and her godfather, who gave her away at her marriage; united to the Imperial family by the closest bonds of blood and affection—Don Jaime cannot declare himself pro-French. It is enough to state these two moral impossibilities to prove that those who suppose him to belong

to either of the belligerent parties distort facts and outrage his reputation. If, then, no one can classify Don Jaime, as belonging to either of the hostile camps, and no one can claim, with the smallest approach to truth, that he cherishes hostile feelings toward one, or the other, nothing is more easy than to prove that the Austro-Germans are Anti-Jaimists.

Let us begin by setting aside, with the scorn they deserve, those alleged foolish interviews between Don Jaime and the Kaiser which are due to the imbecility and grotesque inventions of Carlo-Lutheran fancy. Don Jaime and the Kaiser have never seen, nor have had the least contact, direct or indirect with each other. I express myself ill; once, at a rapid and fugitive historical moment, there was a one-sided correspondence and the occasion deserves mention for the edification of

Carlists of good faith. When Carlos VII. died, his august son informed every European Court of his irreparable loss, and every sovereign replied, condoling with him—all, save the Emperor William, who refused to receive the letter. "*He did not admit any correspondence with people whom he did not know.*"*

But that unpardonable exhibition of bad taste had a precedent. At the death of Don Juan, father of Don Carlos, the latter also communicated the sad news to all the sovereigns of Europe and all, in the same way, replied—except two, both grandparents of the present Kaiser: the old Emperor William and Queen Victoria, who returned the letters unopened.

* The *Correo Español* has recently published a formal denial of this statement and quoted a letter of condolence purporting to have been written by the Emperor to Don Jaime. Melgar had no difficulty in proving the accuracy of his statement. The letter quoted was written to the *Archduchess Blanca*, wife of the *Archduke Leopold-Salvator*, Don Jaime's sister. See the *Echo de Paris*, Feb. 26, 1916.

I myself received them. At least, however, the Queen of England had the courtesy to invent a pretext and made it known through her ambassador that her position as a constitutional sovereign did not permit her to establish relations with foreign political personages except through the channel of her responsible ministers. That naturally was an equivocation, for her son, Edward VII., who was as good a constitutional monarch as the Queen, both before and after his accession to the throne, had always maintained cordial and affectionate relations, both with Don Carlos and Don Jaime, without it even entering his mind that it was necessary to ask permission of his responsible ministers to visit, or to dine with them. But, after all, however silly the excuse, it revealed a desire to avoid offence and was a token of her desire not to inflict an insult so brutal as that of the two Hohenzollerns.

These are *all* the relations that Don Jaime and the Kaiser have had together. From these facts, dear Carlist reader, you will learn that our King has small cause to cherish feelings of gratitude towards the Kaiser; nor is it permissible to deny the hostile feelings—to go no further—of the Emperor William towards our cause and towards our august Chief, however much his interested and base flatteries of to-day may seek to disguise them and convey the opposite impression.

Of the Emperor Francis Joseph, I neither can, nor will, speak. I should lose all command over my feelings. It is enough for me to open the archives of my personal recollections and to bring to memory the scenes I have witnessed, during my long and intimate association with our prescribed royal family, in order to accumulate a mass of material sufficient to fill, not

merely a pamphlet, but a big volume, with inconceivable, unspeakable, dreadful injuries inflicted by Francis Joseph on the august representative of Spanish Legitimacy. A day will come, if God prolongs my life, when I may fulfil this act of justice and reparation. To-day, suffice it to say, that Don Jaime is actually in, and *cannot leave*, Austria. Any indiscretion on my part might aggravate his condition and bring countless vexations on his head for which I should never forgive myself.

From the little, the very little, I am permitted to say, let the discreet reader deduce the much, the very much, I am compelled to conceal.' I was the first, despite my enthusiasm for France, who, when the Duke of Madrid was serving in the ambulances at Lyons,—and that he was there I will energetically maintain,

against all the denials of the Carlo-Lutherans, since I can prove the fact by photographing his letters—I was the first, I say, who protested against those who would interpret that act as a proof of his being pro-French; and if to-day he were found serving with the Austrian ambulances, I should protest against any assumption of pro-German sentiments. To practise works of mercy is not to make a breach of neutrality, nor to serve any earthly cause; it is to work for heaven.

This is not the question. The question is that our incautious co-religionists are deceived by those who say Don Jaime is a pro-German in the same way that I should deceive them by saying that he had declared himself a pro-Ally, notwithstanding his warm affection for Russia, whose uniform he has worn for fourteen years; under whose glorious flag he has

fought in two wars ; and in whose country he has won universal sympathy and firm friendships, beginning with that of the Emperor.

XIV

“PONTIUS PILATE” WAS CRUCIFIED

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FOR nearly three months I have been deprived of direct news from Don Jaime and am unable to communicate with him. But I know, with absolute certainty, that those inserted in the Carlo-Lutheran press are false and invented for their own ends. I, therefore, decided to procure news indirectly and had recourse to my friends in Austria, by way of Switzerland and Holland, in order to learn what was the real situation of the august exile. My efforts have been crowned with success, as the following letter will prove, which I received,

a few days ago, from a Lieutenant-Colonel who is now fighting against the Russians and who was Don Jaime's school-fellow in the Academy of Cadets at Wiener-Neustadt. That Austrian officer writes thus :

“ Unhappily, it has not been possible for me personally to fulfil the commission you charged me with. I asked for two days' leave to run down to Frosdorff, but I was denied and warned that by order of the Arch-Duke Frederick, generalissimo of the armies of his Imperial and Royal Apostolic Majesty,—and brother of Doña Cristina, I may add—it was forbidden to any Austrian officer to visit Don Jaime, and that any infringement of such order would be punished with all the rigour of the military ordinances. I feel this acutely, for I believe that Don Jaime's spirits must be rather depressed.

“I knew that being called to Frosdorff to look after, if possible, some important interests, he did not undertake the journey without first being assured that he would not be arrested, as happened last year. He obtained His Majesty the Emperor's word of honour that he should not be molested in any way; that he would be treated with the consideration due to a prince of the reigning family, and that he might travel freely over all the Empire and leave it whenever he wished.

“In spite of these assurances, twenty-four hours after his arrival at Frosdorff, he was informed and without any sort of explanation, that he must consider himself under arrest until the end of the war; that he could only move about within a radius of thirty miles and that he was forbidden to leave the empire until after peace was signed. I am ignorant of the

motives that may have induced His Majesty to withdraw his word of honour."

Words of honour are like sacred promises contracted in international treaties—*scraps of paper*—one does not withdraw them. They are either kept after the manner of gentlemen; or they are violated after the manner—of the others. So that, we are quite clear as to the true situation of Don Jaime—caught in a rat-trap with the bait of a pledged word and held for the remainder of the war.

And now I may tell thee, young student, who art reading these lines; thee, honest gentleman who art faithful to our flag; thee, brave veteran of our wars; thee, worthy scion of our martyrs—how do you feel towards those who seek to hide the truth from you and towards the journals that deceive you by inventions, such as that Don Jaime is overwhelmed with

attentions in Austria, and that he himself writes: “I am amazed at the magnanimity of that Empire where they have not even prepared concentration camps for the subjects of enemy nations, who reside there, but allow them to move about at their pleasure in Vienna, or wherever they happen to find themselves.” I do not deny that Don Jaime may have written these last words, but, if he did write them, it must have been in an ironic and not in a literal sense. What he may have said is: “Here they are so unjust and so insensate towards me, that while they allow French and English subjects to go freely about, me, a neutral and chief of a party that has done such service to them, me, they lay by the heels without reason, without motive, without pretext.” The Carlo-Lutheran press suppresses the whole of Don Jaime’s most justifiable complaints

and where he has written "Look what brutes they are!" they put "See, gentlemen, how magnanimous they are!" Which is equivalent to beginning the apostles' creed by "I believe in Pontius Pilate"—the result being a creed which is literally worthy of the Carlo-Lutherans.

Fortunately, here is the most noble Marquis of Cerralbo, my very dear friend of half a century, before whose chivalrous mind we all bow down. The Marquis possesses the original of the letter which refers to this, and which is dated July 28th ; let our illustrious chief representative say, his hand on his knightly heart, if in this letter mention is made of the relative liberty allowed to alien enemies in order to exalt the nobility of the Austrian spirit, or, to represent it as a contrast to the arbitrary treatment of which he is a victim.

What the Marquis of Cerralbo will say

will be the truth, and I know, perfectly well, what he has to say, since another letter from Frosdorff exists, also dated precisely the 28th July, which I can publish if necessary, and in which this matter is referred to. A king has but one word—the word of a king—and it would be inflicting on him the most unpardonable wrong to suppose him capable of writing, at one and the same time, and with the same drop of ink, that black is white.

XV

CONCLUSION

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WE who have the honour of belonging to the most noble Carlist communion, and of preserving the reverence due to its traditions, are compelled to work against Germany more strenuously than anyone. To favour her would be an act of high treason against Catholicism ; of high treason against Spain ; of high treason against Carlism and against humanity. Of treason against Catholicism, because the ultimate aim of the Kaiser is to *protestantise* the world more than to dominate it. Of treason against Spain, because the defeat

of the allied peoples, who now are fighting for Justice, Civilisation, and Right, would be a sentence of death for all the small nationalities, to which unhappily we belong, and which German prepotency aspires to convert into her Colonies. Of treason against Carlism, because we can count on great sympathies among the Allies; in the opposite camp, only on enemies. Finally, treason against humanity, because a German victory would mean the triumph throughout the world, of the most odious, the most oppressive and the most ominous of all barbarisms—organised barbarism.

